TIMELINE COLOR COMICS

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OPENING NEW DOORS

NO. 1
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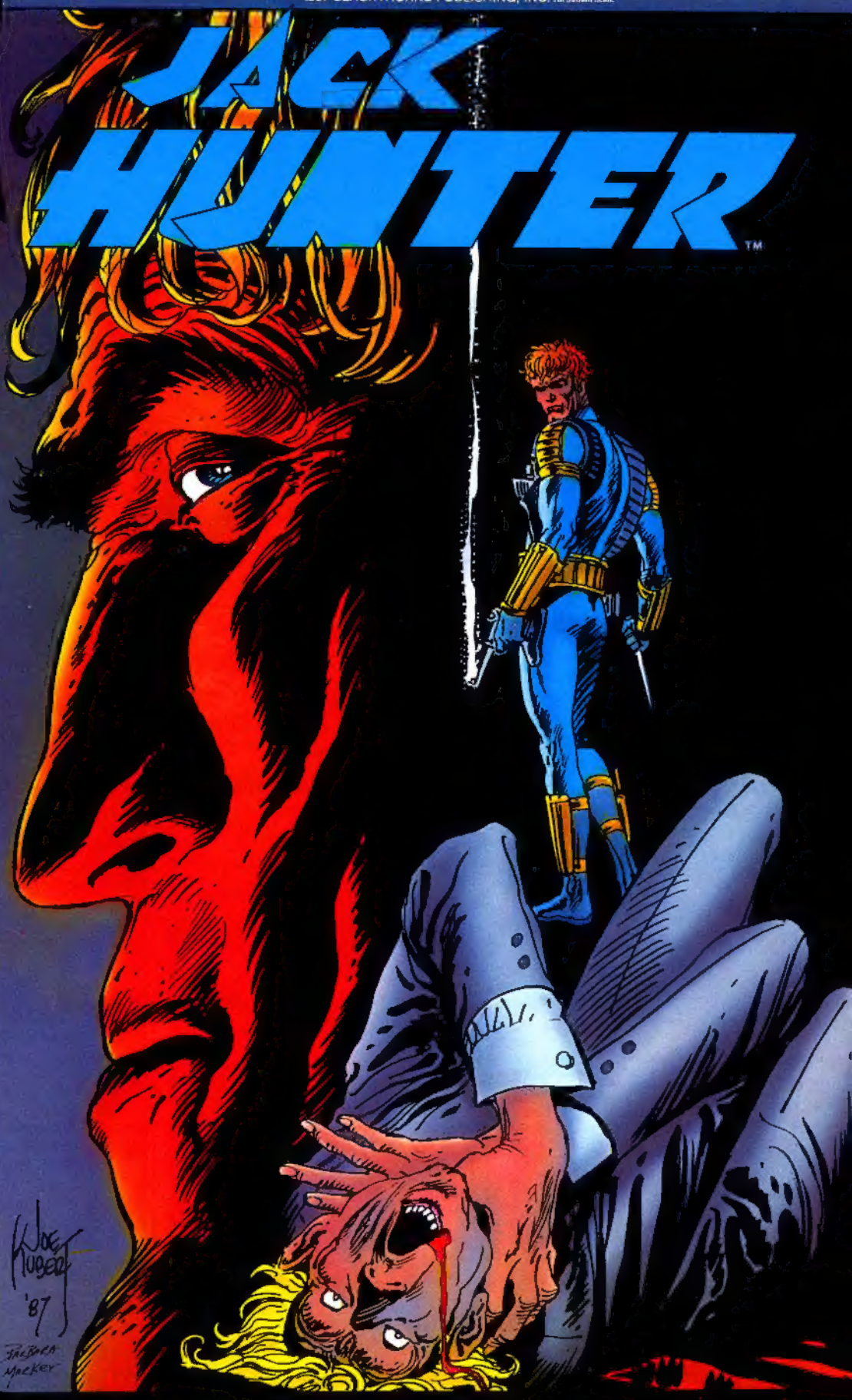
JACK HUNTER™



BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING INC

COMING SOON from BLACKTHORNE

Psychotic
#2 JACK HUNTER™
Written by BRUCE JONES!
Art by DELL BARRAS!
Cover #2 by JOE KUBERT!
Jack Hunter.
Alone.
Pursued by the National Security Bureau — the very agency that once trusted him to handle their most "distasteful" situations.
He finds himself in St. Louis with the only person he dares trust, the beautiful Claire Ramsey.
But is she everything she claims to be?
JACK HUNTER #2 - 32 page, full color monthly comic book with full color, laser-scanned covers $1.25 ($1.75 Canada)
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JACK HUNTER
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TIMELINE™ COLOR COMICS

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THERE'S ONE! LOOK, HE'S PASSED OUT!
C'MON, LET'S GET TO IT!
YOU WANNA JOIN THE CLUB, DONCHA?
WHERE? OH -- YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!
MAYBE ... WE OUGHTA HOLD OFF...
YEAH BUT --- WE GOTTA DO THIS?
IT'S THE CLUB RULES ... YOU WANNA JOIN THE FRIGGIN' CLUB ER NOT?
OKAY, OKAY! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH! JEEZ!
LOOKS KINDA SWEET! DON'T HE ... LIKE HE WAS DREAMIN OF GETTIN SOME!
LOOKS LIKE MY OLD MAN! --- LET'S WASTE EM!
YOU GUYS SURE YOU WANNA DO THIS?...
REESE IS TURNIN FAGGOT!
NOBODY'S TURNIN FAGGOT! MEACH! I'M JUST ITCHY ABOUT COPS!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE A BATH! HAW-HAW! WHAT'S HE GOT ON 'IM!
LOUSY TWO BUCKS AND SOME CHANGE...
WHAD YA EXPECT FROM A BUM --- FRIGGIN WASTE OF TIME!
THAT AIN'T WHY WE COME HERE, BILLY. LOOK OUT, I'M SPILLIN IT ON YA...
C'MON, LIGHT IT ALREADY, HUH?
I LOVE THE SMELL OF GASOLINE..
WHOOM!
SPLIT! GO! GO!

KAVAKHOOM
HAW-HAW! PANTS LISTEN TO 'IM HOWL!
MAKE A GREAT RONSON AD!
YOU GUYS GASP! ARE SICK, YA KNOW THAT?
COPS'LL BE SWARMIN IN A MINUTE!
SCREW THE COPS, TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!
OH MOMMA! DON'T YOU WIGGLE!
HEY! WHERE YA GOIN, SWEET BUNS? NEED A RIDE?
SURE SHE NEEDS A RIDE... DONCHA HOT STUFF?
PLEASE... W-WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
WANT? WHY, WE JUST WANNA GET TO KNOW YA BETTER, DON'T WE FELLAS?
...HEH HEH... WANNA GET TO KNOW YA REAL GOOD!
I THINK MAYBE EDDIE HERE SHOULD GET TO KNOW YA FIRST, ...THEN ME, THEN SID, HUH?
NO! PLE-- MMMPH!
SID? THAT YOU, SID?
HEY SID, I THINK THE OLD RUMMY KNOWS YA! BETTER GIVE EM A "DRINK"!
YEAH... HOW BOUT A NICE BOTTLE OF FIREWATER, PAL... HEH HEH... WARM YER INSIDES!
WHY ARE YOU... Y-YOU'RE NOT THE SID I KNOW...
NAW? WELL GEE, PAL, I HOPE THAT DON'T BURN YA UP! HAW-HAW!
HEY LOOK AT THIS GUY, MEACH! HE DON'T KNOW HE'S ON FIRE! HE JUS STANDS THERE! HAR-HAR!

WAIT! STAY WITH ME...
WHA... HEY!
YARGHHHH!
MEACH! MEACH!
JUMPIN JESUS!
OH MY GOD...
GAGGHHG!
SID! GEEZ!
SSSSSSSSS
GET THAT CREEP!
...SID...
NEVER MIND SID, HELP ME. GET THIS GUY OUTTA THE RAIN BARREL!
H-HE WAS HERE... I SWEAR HE WAS HERE...
M-MEACH...
TRICKY MOTHER, HUH? TEACH YA TO SIZZLE MY P--
--PAL...

BLACK BEAUTY SWITCH-KNIFE -- I DIDN'T KNOW THEY STILL MADE THEM...
CHUNK
OH CHRIST!
WOOOLVOOO
SCREEEECHH
POLICE! LET HIM GO!
SKEE-RUUNCH
POLICE
KEERASSHH!

JACK HUNTER™

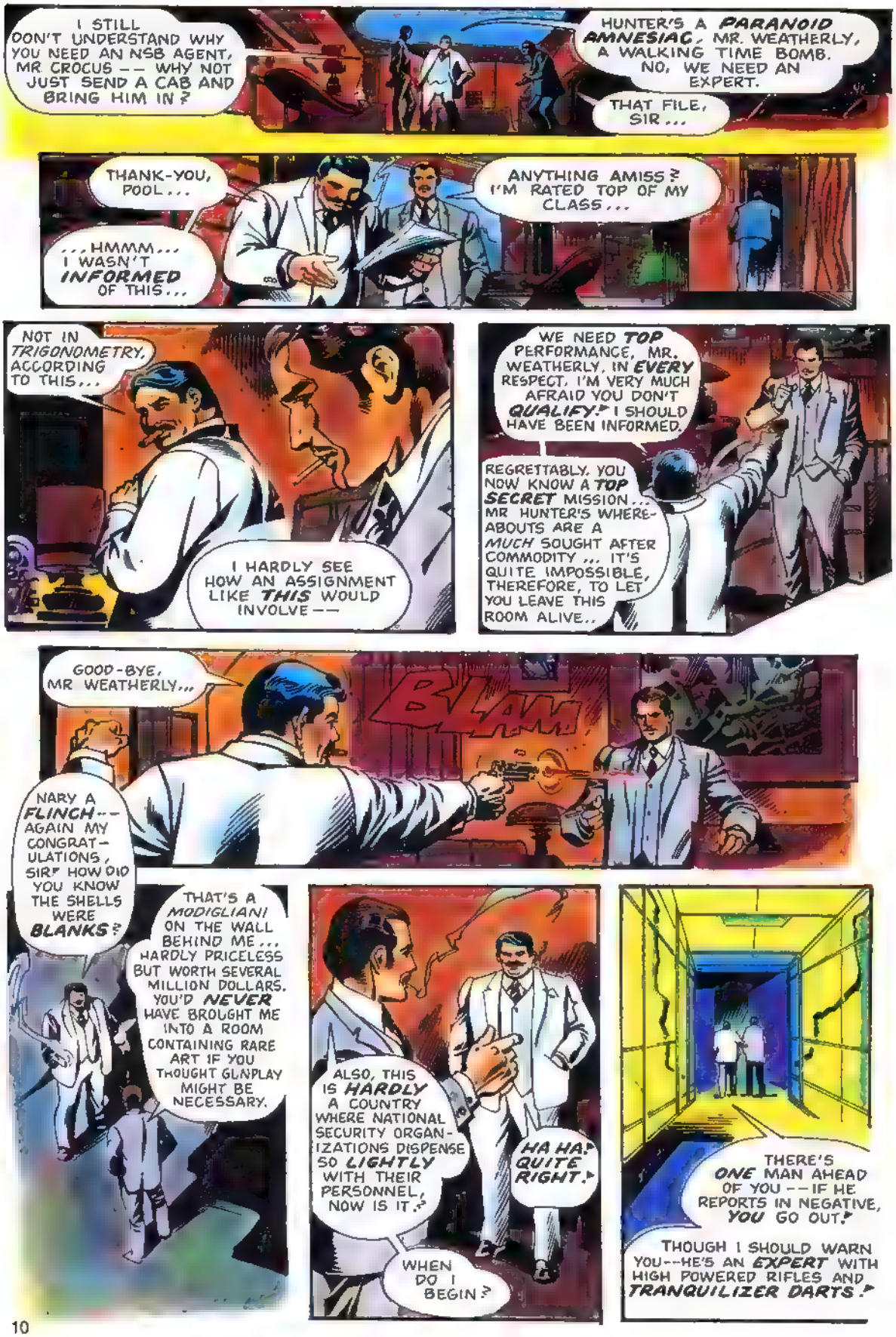
YOU ASKED FOR THE PRINTOUT ON AGENT HUNTER, SIR, I--
I ASKED FOR THE PRINT ON AGENT HUNTER, POOL, THE FILM PRINT! YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT THOSE BUREAUCRATIC MUGSHOTS! NOW SET UP THE GODDAM PROJECTOR--I'LL GET THE FILM MYSELF!
NSB NATIONAL SECURITY BUREAU
JACK HUNTER
Real name: Jack Hunter
Occupation: Espionage
Identity: Unknown to
Legal status: U. S. citizen;
large
for questioning
Former aliases: Various covel
Place of birth: Bangor, Maine
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: None known
Group affiliation: Former
Mobile
HUNTER
the NSB
Base of
First a
Origi
ser
la
ing the Vie
cruited into
gent doing "wet
was formed, Hunte
as the nation's first
terrorist, and for a numb
years successfully removed thr
national and world securi
services were constantly
from the NSB and the CIA
after a particularly nas
(the details of which ha
pletely classified), the
too much and Hunter's
into amnesia. As of
has been wandering
Chicago for an un
of time.
Height: 6' 3"
Weight: 215 lbs.
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blond
Powers: Jack
level athlete
of martial
combat tech
powers.
Weapons:
with all
sniper
VERY GOOD, SIR.
AH, COME IN, COME IN! WEATHERLY, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S CORRECT. YOU ARE MR. CROCUS, THE DIRECTOR?
GET THAT OUT OF MY FACE! I'VE SEEN IT!

INDEED I AM, DEAR FELLOW! HAVE A CHAIR! THE SHOW BEGINS IN MOMENTS! SORRY WE CAN'T PROVIDE ANY POPCORN! HA HA!
NOW THEN; YOU'RE ALREADY FAMILIAR WITH OUR MISSING AGENT'S DOSSIER, AM I CORRECT? WE'LL JUST MOVE ON TO THE MORE EXCITING FOOTAGE THEN--"CUT TO THE CHASE," AS THEY SAY IN HOLLYWOOD! HA HA!
VIET NAM--1968. HUNTER WAS STILL AN ADOLESCENT... A VERY AGILE ADOLESCENT AS YOU CAN SEE! HA HA!
JOHNSON PERSONALLY AWARDED HIM THREE MEDALS OF HONOR--IN ADDITION, OF COURSE, TO THE REQUISITE PURPLE HEARTS, SILVER CROSSES, ETC. ETC.
STANDARD.
I AGREE. THIS NEXT FOOTAGE YOU MAY FIND MORE ILLUMINATING, HOWEVER--THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO, 1972. HUNTER ENJOYED A BRIEF PERIOD OF EMPLOYMENT AS A BOUNCER IN A DOWNTOWN NIGHT SPOT CALLED THE DRAGON'S TEETH. THOSE ARE NOT DRAGON'S TEETH ON THE BAR, MR. WEATHERLY, THEY BELONG TO A HELL'S ANGEL--HUNTER TOOK ON A WHOLE CHAPTER ONE EVENING.
AND WON?
HE DISABLED THIRTEEN OF THEM, THEN DISAPPEARED. HERE WE HAVE HUNTER WHEN HE JOINED THE NSB--THOSE ARE NINJA THROWING STARS HE'S WORKING OUT WITH. HE HAD A PROBLEM WITH THOSE; HE NEVER MISSED BUT HIS THROW WAS SO FORCEFUL THE INSTRUCTOR HAD TO BREAK THE STARS TO DISEMBED THEM FROM THE TARGET...
THIS IS PRETTY... WHAT IS IT?
SOMETHING FEW HAVE BEEN PRIVILEGED--IF THAT'S THE RIGHT WORD--TO SEE, YOURSELF INCLUDED. THIS IS--WAS--THE GUMBALDI FAMILY. VITO GUMBALDI WAS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MAFIA CHIEFTANS OF THIS CENTURY. OVER SIXTEEN PEOPLE--SOME OF THEM CHILDREN--DIED IN THIS MASSACRE ALONE.
ALONE?
THERE WERE OTHER ATROCITIES. BY NOW, HUNTER HAD BEEN WITH US FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS CARRYING OUT A SERIES OF COVERT ACTIVITIES THAT INVOLVED THE REMOVAL OF VARIOUS THREATS TO NATIONAL AND WORLD SECURITY. HE WAS GOOD. THE CIA LOVED HIM. WE USED TO FIGHT WITH THEM FOR HIS SERVICES. HE WAS NEVER SHORT OF EMPLOYMENT.

AS A RESULT, HE BECAME SOMEWHAT... AH, OVERLOADED, SHALL WE SAY. THROUGH THE YEARS THE ASSIGNMENTS BECAME NOT ONLY MORE FREQUENT BUT INCREASINGLY MORE VIOLENT. IT TOOK ITS TOLL ON HIS MIND. THEN THE NSB MADE WHAT HAS SINCE BEEN POLITELY TERMED AN 'ERROR IN JUDGEMENT', NAMELY THE EXTERMINATION OF SIX PROMINENT FIGURES IN AN INTERNATIONAL CRIME CARTEL, INCLUDING THE FAMILY YOU JUST SAW...
AND HUNTER CRACKED UP.
IN ALL OVER 70 INNOCENT PEOPLE DIED BY HIS HAND, ALBEIT INADVERTANTLY FOR THE MOST PART. STILL, IT PUSHED HIM OVER THE EDGE. TOTAL PSYCHOSIS, COMPLETE MENTAL COLLAPSE, FOLLOWED BY SEVERE AMNESIA. HE DROPPED OUT OF THE NSB--THEN OUT OF LIFE. DRINK?
PLEASE. AND NOW YOU WANT SOMEONE ON STAFF HERE TO GO AFTER HIM, RIGHT? SOMEONE LIKE ME?
THAT DEPENDS, MR. WEATHERLY--
THUP!
DOM PERIGNON... EXCELLENT.
AS ARE YOUR REFLEXES, MR. WEATHERLY, PERHAPS EVEN AKIN TO THOSE OF MR. HUNTER'S.
I'VE HEARD HE'S ON THE BOTTLE...
OUR LAST REPORTS TARGET HIM SOMEWHERE IN THE CHICAGO AREA. HE HAS TAKEN TO DRINK, TRUE... BUT A GOOD AGENT NEVER FORGETS HIS TRAINING, MR. WEATHERLY, NEVER.
--AND JACK HUNTER WAS THE BEST.

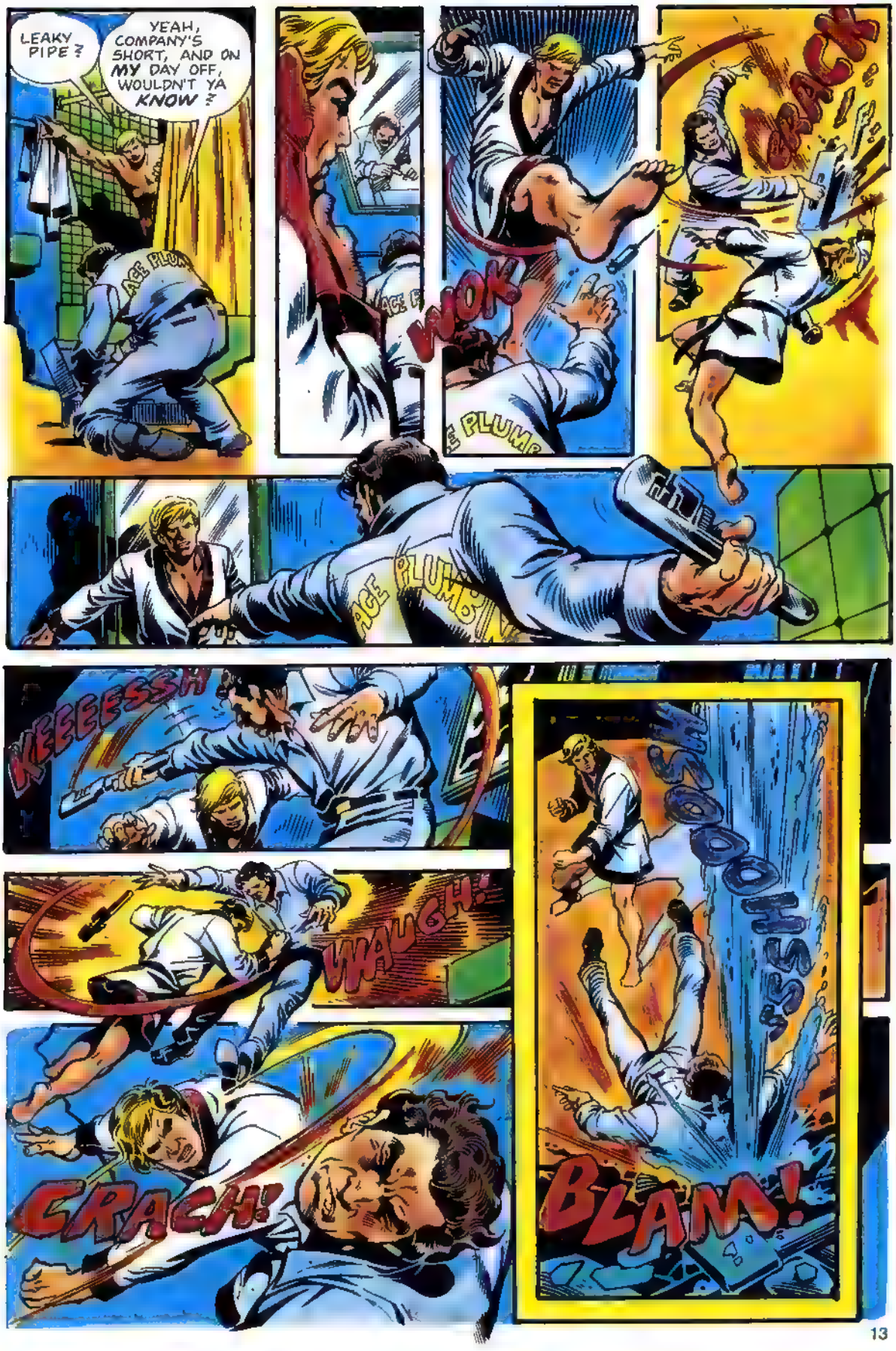
Wabash Mission
FOODS TO GO
YER CROWDIN ME...
YOU DEAF? I SAID YER CROWDIN ME...
WHAT'S MORE I DON'T CARE FOR YER FACE.
EXCUSE ME... I... I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO THANK YOU PROPERLY...
I'M CLAIRE DORSEY... MISTER---?

AND YOU HAVE NO MEMORY... NONE AT ALL?
I GET... FLASHES NOW AND THEN... NOTHING THAT MAKES MUCH SENSE. OKAY IF I ORDER ANOTHER DRINK?
OF COURSE. THAT IS... UNLESS YOU'D PREFER >AHEM< COFFEE...
THAT'S AN INTERESTING PHRASE--'CUT TO THE CHASE' --SOUNDS SORT OF HOLLYWOODESE. DO YOU THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOWN SOMEONE IN L.A.?
LET'S CUT TO THE CHASE. WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
JUST A PHRASE I SEEM TO RECALL FROM SOMEWHERE. I REPEAT MY QUESTION.
YOU FOLKS LIKE ANYTHING ELSE?
YEAH... TWO COFFEES, PLEASE.
GO ON
I SHOULD IMAGINE THAT WHEN THE HAIR IS COMBED AND THE BEARD IS TRIMMED AND THE B.O. KEPT TO A MINIMUM, YOU'RE A RATHER ATTRACTIVE MAN ATTRACTIVE MEN ALSO FASCINATE ME. THAT AND THE FACT THAT TOMORROW AFTERNOON AT THREE O'CLOCK I WAS SCHEDULED TO TAKE MY VOWS...
VOWS?
THAT'S A NICE SMILE. YOU SHOULD USE IT MORE OFTEN.
THE QUESTION
ALL RIGHT: TO BEGIN WITH, YOU'RE AN OBVIOUSLY EXTREMELY ARTICULATE, WELL-MANNERED AND I'D GUESS WELL-EDUCATED MAN DRESSED IN TATTERS AND LIVING IN THE STREET. THAT MAKES YOU AN ENIGMA. ENIGMAS FASCINATE ME. ALSO, YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
AT ST CATHERINE'S-- TO BE A NUN.
YOU SAID 'WERE' SCHEDULED...
I NEED TO FIND SOMETHING OUT FIRST...
AND THAT IS--?
-- WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE IN A TERRY CLOTH BATHROBE...


I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU NEED AN NSB AGENT, MR CROCUS -- WHY NOT JUST SEND A CAB AND BRING HIM IN?
HUNTER'S A PARANOID AMNESIAC, MR. WEATHERLY, A WALKING TIME BOMB. NO, WE NEED AN EXPERT.
THAT FILE, SIR...
THANK-YOU, POOL...
...HMMM... I WASN'T INFORMED OF THIS...
ANYTHING AMISS? I'M RATED TOP OF MY CLASS...
NOT IN TRIGONOMETRY, ACCORDING TO THIS...
I HARDLY SEE HOW AN ASSIGNMENT LIKE THIS WOULD INVOLVE --
WE NEED TOP PERFORMANCE, MR. WEATHERLY, IN EVERY RESPECT. I'M VERY MUCH AFRAID YOU DON'T QUALIFY. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN INFORMED.
REGRETTABLY, YOU NOW KNOW A TOP SECRET MISSION... MR HUNTER'S WHEREABOUTS ARE A MUCH SOUGHT AFTER COMMODITY... IT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE, THEREFORE, TO LET YOU LEAVE THIS ROOM ALIVE..
GOOD-BYE, MR WEATHERLY...
BLAM
NARY A FLINCH -- AGAIN MY CONGRATULATIONS, SIR! HOW DID YOU KNOW THE SHELLS WERE BLANKS?
THAT'S A MODIGLIANI ON THE WALL BEHIND ME... HARDLY PRICELESS BUT WORTH SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS. YOU'D NEVER HAVE BROUGHT ME INTO A ROOM CONTAINING RARE ART IF YOU THOUGHT GUNPLAY MIGHT BE NECESSARY.
ALSO, THIS IS HARDLY A COUNTRY WHERE NATIONAL SECURITY ORGANIZATIONS DISPENSE SO LIGHTLY WITH THEIR PERSONNEL, NOW IS IT?
HA HA! QUITE RIGHT.
WHEN DO I BEGIN?
THERE'S ONE MAN AHEAD OF YOU -- IF HE REPORTS IN NEGATIVE, YOU GO OUT!
THOUGH I SHOULD WARN YOU -- HE'S AN EXPERT WITH HIGH POWERED RIFLES AND TRANQUILIZER DARTS!

NICE APARTMENT.
THANK YOU. I JUST GOT A RAISE.
...BUT NOT TERRIBLY PRIVATE IN THE EVENING...
NICE VIEW, TOO. PICTURESQUE.
YES...
...THERE. I ALWAYS FEEL SAFER WITH THE DRAPES PULLED, DON'T YOU?
THE SHOWER'S IN THERE. I'LL PUT ON SOME FRESH COFFEE.
WHERE'S THE TERRYCLOTH ROBE?
BIBLE
ACE PLUMBING

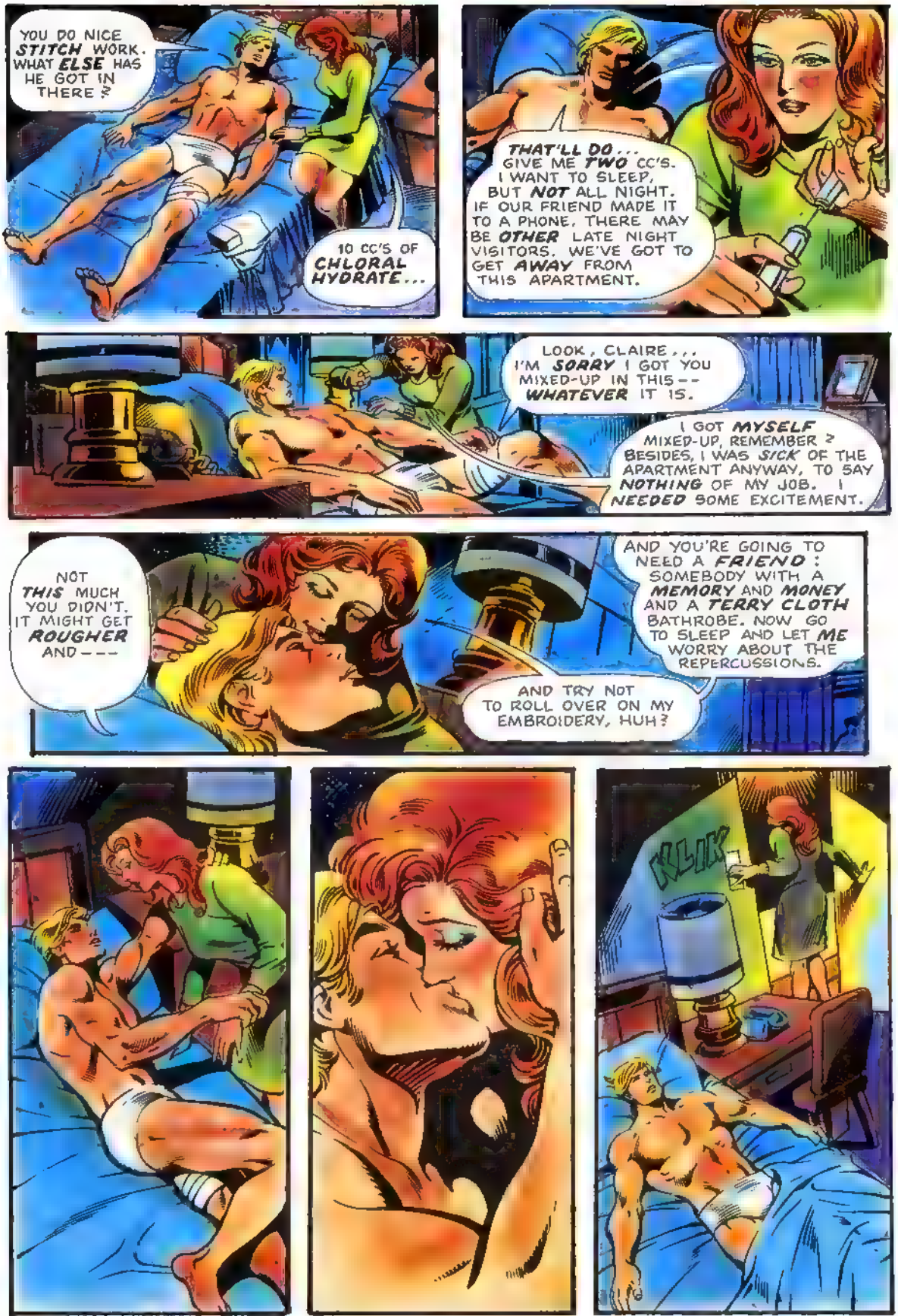
HOT
AHHHHH! GOD THAT FEELS GOOD! I'D ALMOST FORGOT...
DING DONG
DING DONG
YES?
ACE PLUM
ACE PLUMBERS, THE SUPER SENT ME UP TO LOOK AT YOUR PIPES...
B-BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY PIPES...
PARTY DOWNSTAIRS SAYS THEIR CEILING'S LEAKING...
WAIT! THERE'S A MAN-- I MEAN-- MY HUSBAND'S IN THERE!
JUST NEED TO CHECK THE SINK-- ONLY TAKE A SECOND!


LEAKY PIPE?
YEAH, COMPANY'S SHORT, AND ON MY DAY OFF, WOULDN'T YA KNOW?
ACE PLUM
WHOK
CRACK
ACE PLUMBING
KEEEESSSH
WAUGH!
CRACK!
WOOOSH
BLAM!

AGH!
SHATTER!
UH!
CHOK

KRAKA
UNGH
WOOOLF!
GRAAAS
UHHH!

YAGH!
CRASH!
YAAGH!
YAAGH!
YOU WERE A :GASP: GIRL SCOUT PERHAPS?
I'VE GOT TO GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!
NO! NO :GASP: DOCTORS-DOCTORS MEAN COPS, AND I'VE GOT ENOUGH OF THEM AFTER ME ALREADY! BESIDES, THAT WAS A PROFESSIONAL JOB MAYBE EVEN :GROAN: GOVERNMENT LEVEL. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT WHO I AM, WHO I CAN TRUST, IF ANYBODY.
GO AHEAD... PULL IT OUT...
A-ARE YOU SURE?
DO IT! YOU WANT ME TO BLEED TO DEATH?
AAAAGGHH!


YOU DO NICE STITCH WORK. WHAT ELSE HAS HE GOT IN THERE?
10 CC'S OF CHLORAL HYDRATE...
THAT'LL DO... GIVE ME TWO CC'S. I WANT TO SLEEP, BUT NOT ALL NIGHT. IF OUR FRIEND MADE IT TO A PHONE, THERE MAY BE OTHER LATE NIGHT VISITORS. WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS APARTMENT.
LOOK, CLAIRE... I'M SORRY I GOT YOU MIXED-UP IN THIS-- WHATEVER IT IS.
I GOT MYSELF MIXED-UP, REMEMBER? BESIDES, I WAS SICK OF THE APARTMENT ANYWAY, TO SAY NOTHING OF MY JOB. I NEEDED SOME EXCITEMENT.
NOT THIS MUCH YOU DIDN'T. IT MIGHT GET ROUGHER AND---
AND YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A FRIEND: SOMEBODY WITH A MEMORY AND MONEY AND A TERRY CLOTH BATHROBE. NOW GO TO SLEEP AND LET ME WORRY ABOUT THE REPERCUSSIONS.
AND TRY NOT TO ROLL OVER ON MY EMBROIDERY, HUH?
KLIK

THIS IS AGENT DORSEY... COMPTON WAS HERE AND FAILED. THE TARGET IS ALIVE AND WELL... REASONABLY WELL. HOW DO I PROCEED? OVER.

RISE AND SHINE! UP AND AT 'EM! ROLL OUT! LET'S GO!
--WHA??
CAN'T LIE AROUND SLEEPING ALL DAY, CAN WE? NOT WHEN THERE ARE PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL US!
WHA--WHAT TIME IS IT?
LITTLE BLOOD NEVER HURT ANYONE... C'MON, THE TRAVEL AGENT'S WAITING...
BLOOD... THERE'S BLOOD ON IT...
WHAT TRAVEL AGENT? HEY, LET ME GET DRESSED AT LEAST!
NO TIME FOR THAT, MY LOVE! BULLETS ARE FLYIN' AND DINNER'S AWAITIN'!
WAIT A MINUTE, SLOW DOWN! WE'RE HAVING DINNER SOMEWHERE?
WITH SOME VERY OLD FRIENDS OF YOURS, DARLING... YOU DON'T MIND MY CALLING YOU "DARLING", DO YOU? I MEAN, AFTER THE WAY YOU KISSED ME LAST NIGHT AND ALL...
NO, I--
THEN WHY DON'T YOU KISS ME AGAIN, YOU BIG DOPE!
LOOK OUT!
YOOOWWK!

SKREEEEEE!
WHOA!
THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT THEN I GUESS YOU'RE USED TO CLOSE ONES, RIGHT BIG GUY?
CLAIRE, I'D AT LEAST LIKE TO CHANGE...
NO TIME FOR THAT, LOVE-- WE'RE HERE!
WHERE IS "HERE"?
AH, MISTER JACK! SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT! WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO SIT DOWN! COME! COME!
EXCUSE ME, YOU LOOK FAMILIAR BUT--
JACK, REALLY! YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOUR OLD FRIEND VITO GUMBALDI? AND HERE HE WAS NICE ENOUGH TO INVITE US TO DINNER!
NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND! WE'RE ALL SET TO DINE! COME, MY FRIENDS, LOOK! AN HONORED GUEST! MISTER JACK!
OH DEAR, THEY SEEM TO BE ASLEEP!
NOT ASLEEP, VITO... DEAD ON OUR FEET!
THAT'S RIGHT! AND YOU KNOW WHY, DON'T YOU, JACK DEAR?
YES! HE KNOWS WHY! HE KNOWS WHY!
TELL THEM WHY YOU DID IT, DARLING! TELL THEM! C'MON, DON'T STAND THERE LIKE YOU'RE HALF ASLEEP! WAKE UP AND TELL THEM!
NO! PLEASE, I DIDN'T MEAN--
TELL THEM, YOU LITTLE SISSY! WAKE UP AND TELL THEM! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

WAKE UP! HEY--YOU'RE DREAMING!
NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO! I...I...
WHEW! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A DOOZY!
...NIGHTMARE... WORST EVER HAD... GOD... DEATH, HORROR... WALKING CORPSES... TRYING TO GET ME...
WHAT WAS THAT?
THUMP!
YOU SIT TIGHT...

MORNING PAPER. C'MON, WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!
I TRIED TO KISS YOU, DID I?
YOU WOKE ME UP ALL BRIGHT AND CHEERY AND SAID THE TRAVEL AGENT'S WAITING--YOU SEEMED IN A BIG HURRY. THEN WE WENT TEARING OFF IN YOUR WILD CONVERTIBLE, DRIVING RECKLESSLY DOWN THE ROAD... YOU TRIED TO KISS ME WHILE YOU WERE DRIVING. ALMOST HIT ANOTHER CAR...
IN MY DREAM THIS WAS A MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE.
DON'T I WISH-- I DIDN'T GET THAT BIG A RAISE.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR DREAM- MIGHT BE SOME CLUES TO YOUR IDENTITY IN THERE.
WHAT IS IT?
I REMEMBER SOMETHING... THAT ESTATE... THOSE PEOPLE, THE GUMBALDIS! THEY WERE REAL PEOPLE, NOT JUST A DREAM! AND I--I KILLED THEM... ALL OF THEM... I'M SURE OF IT, CLAIRE!
YES, YOU WERE QUITE PASSIONATE ABOUT IT. SEE ANYTHING DEEPLY FREUDIAN THERE, DOCTOR?
I'LL TELL YOU LATER. GO ON.
THEN WE PULLED BEFORE THIS HUGE ESTATE IN THE COUNTRY AND I--I...
WHAT ELSE?
YOU STARTED SHAKING ME THEN, CALLED ME A... "LITTLE SISSY"; I THINK... THAT'S ABOUT ALL.
WELL? ANY CLUES?
MAYBE...
I'D SAY YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS IS TRYING TO REMIND YOU WHO YOU ARE. YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A TRAVEL AGENT AT THE BEGINNING; ANY IDEAS WHAT THAT MIGHT MEAN?
NOT REALLY. YOU?
WELL, THE WORDS TRANSPOSED ARE: "AGENT TRAVEL".

SO?
YOU SAID LAST NIGHT YOU THOUGHT THE MAN WHO ATTACKED YOU MIGHT BE GOVERNMENT LEVEL - AN AGENT. DON'T THOSE GUYS USUALLY RUN AROUND BUMPING EACH OTHER OFF IN THE JAMES BOND MOVIES?
YOU THINK I'M A SECRET AGENT?
YOU CERTAINLY HANDLE YOURSELF LIKE ONE; WHO OTHER THAN A MAFIA HIT MAN WOULD WIPE OUT AN ENTIRE FAMILY? --AND YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE MAFIA TYPE.
BUT IF I WORKED FOR THE GOVERNMENT WOULDN'T THEY BE TRYING TO CONTACT ME?
MAYBE WE SHOULD ASK THAT GUY BEHIND US...
FOLLOWING US?
FOR ABOUT AN HOUR.
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A GUN IN THE CAR, WOULD YOU?
WOULDN'T I? TRY THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT...
I GUESS THAT ANSWERS MY QUESTION...
HE'S COMING ALONGSIDE!
YOU'RE A DANGEROUS LADY...
MMM, AND A PASSIONATE ONE, ACCORDING TO YOUR DREAM.
I'M GOING TO STEP IT UP -- SEE IF THIS GUY STAYS WITH US!
VAROOOOMM
BRATTTTTTT!

HEY! YOU'RE HEADING RIGHT INTO THEIR MUZZLE!
KARUNKH
BRAATTT
GODDAMNIT, LET ME GET A CLEAR SHOT, WILL YOU?
KARUMPHHH
CRUNCH
VWUMM
CAROOMMM
MEEP! MEEP! MEEP
YES?
ALL RIGHT... FINE.
THE FIELD IS YOURS, MR. WEATHERLY...
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

JACK HUNTER

FILE

JACK HUNTER

Real name: Jack Hunter
Occupation: Espionage agent/assassin
Identity: Unknown to the public at large
Legal status: U. S. citizen, wanted for questioning
Former aliases: Various cover names
Place of birth: Bangor, Maine
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: None known
Group affiliation: Former agent for the NSB
Base of operations: Mobile
First appearance: JACK HUNTER #1
Origin: Jack Hunter was drafted into service during the Vietnam War, and later recruited into the CIA as a field agent doing "wet work". When the NSB was formed, Hunter signed on as the nation's first counter-terrorist, and for a number of years successfuly removed threats to national and world security. His services were constantly in demand from the NSB and the CIA. Finally, after a particularly nasty mission (the details of which have been completely classified), the toll became too much and Hunter's mind retreated into amnesia. As of #1, he has been has been wandering the streets of Chicago for an undetermined amount of time.
Height: 6' 3"
Weight: 215 lbs.
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blond
Powers: Jack Hunter is an Olympic-level athlete,proficient in a number of martial arts and hand-to-hand combat techniques. He has no super powers.
Weapons: Hunter is a qualified expert with all NATO small arms & long range sniper rifles, and is familiar with most Warsaw Pact explosive devices. He is highly skilled in the use of edged weapons, and has been trained in covert assassin techniques to the degree that he is capable of turning most ordinary household items into lethal weapons.
Other information: Hunter is a very confused man. He has no recollection of his history and functions mostly on instinct, which tend to be on the violent side. He is polite but terse, unsure of who to trust. He is understandably desperate to remember who he is; but, at the same time, is a bit afraid of what he may find.